2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

ceedingly afraid of it and the woman helper wrapped it so that they would not see it. Then they picked it up with sticks and dropped it into the hole. 844

After the birth, mother and child remained in the segregation hut for a month. The mother must eat no salt until the end of the umbilical cord fell off, or the child's navel would get sore. The best food for her was gruel of cactus seeds or mesquite beans, which was thought to make her strong. She must not wash for the whole month or she would have rheumatism. According to one informant, her husband at this time used separate dishes which at other times were kept outside the house (26). The wife in the segregation hut used the same dishes she had at menstruation. 846

"When the moon had come back to the same place", she and the husband and child went through a purification ceremony. They went at dawn to a shaman who made a specialty of this ceremony and of child naming. He drew a circle on the ground and placed the mother in it with her back to the east. She held the child. The father, according to some informants, sat in the circle with her (26), according to others, on a cross marked to the south of the circle (1), or simply on the ground outside. 846 783

The shaman kept a special kind of yellow clay found mostly in Sonora. He scraped a little from the dried ball in which it was kept; mixed it with water and pounded owl's feathers and stirred it with an owl's feather. He "cleansed" the parents by dusting them off with his shaman's plumes. Then, carrying the bowl of clay and singing, he walked back and forth four times, from west to east, toward the mother and the rising sun (26), or around the circle (1). Then he had both parents and child drink from the bowl, the order varying, according to different informants. If the baby would not drink, the shaman drank a little and spat it into the baby's mouth. Then he gave the child a name which had no connection with the parents or their families, but referred to something he had dreamed. Such names were often poetic, as Rolling Wind, Hawk over Water, Dawn Singing. 843

The woman was now considered cleansed and might go back to the family home with the baby. The shaman was paid a basket of some food.

The omission of the ceremony would make both parents and child sick. An unmarried mother must hold it, but without the father. A divorced woman went through it with the baby, while her husband went through it separately. If a woman went through it with her husband, when he was not the baby's father, the husband might die.

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

In one respect, the Papago vision differs both from that of the Yumans and that of the Plains. In these areas, the experience is essentially democratic, opening to him who achieves it, every avenue of advance. But the Papago dream brought success only in racing, gambling, war and curing. Planting was taken care of by communal ritual and office, both ceremonial and secular, descended by heredity, without benefit of vision. It seems possible to relate this importance of the hierarchy to Pueblo influence. We have mentioned that the group of officiers in a Papago village is a simplified version of that found in the western Pueblos where, also, office derives from family status. Whether this group was imposed on a society which already had the vision formula or whether that formula found them already established, they would serve as a barrier to the principle that all avenues were open to the dreamer.

NAMES

An experience of adult life which, from the Papago point of view, must be placed among the crucial ones was the receiving of a nickname. This was actually the appellation by which a man was called while his shaman-given name passed into disuse. Women did not receive nicknames but instead were often the givers.

A distinguishing characteristic of Papago names is that they usually have more reference to the giver than to the person named. This is the case with shaman-given names which describe something the shaman has seen in a dream. The dream has no connection with the child to be named except that, as is apparent from the examples, dreams referring to flowers and plants are used for women. There may have been other distinctions of the same sort. Some shaman-given names follow:

Men	Women
Circling Light	Rushing Light Beams
Daylight Comes	Rustling Leaves
Wind Rainbow	Wind Leaves
Cloud Rainbow	Blossom Tips
Rainbow Shaman	Feather Leaves
Having a Rainbow as a Bow	Singing Dawn
Shining Teeth	Sifting
Bawl Flying Over Water Holes	Flowers Trembling
Chief of Jackrabbits	Leaves Flying
Dreaded Shining	Water Drops on Leaves
Thundering Wings	Leaf Blossom
Storm Wings	Fuzzy Rain
Shining Feathers	

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

he made a noise like an owl: hm. The fifth time, he took up the bowl of clay and stirred it around with a little owl feather that was standing in the center of it. Then he put the clay to my mouth. "Drink this up!" So I drank it all.

Then he marked me, the sacred marks that are put on the men who have got salt from the magic ocean; the marks that take away bad luck and bring you a good life. On my breast, on my shoulders, my back, and my belly.

"Your name shall be cha-veela." I did not know before what name he was going to give me; neither did my parents. The medicine man names one from his dreams. Some of my friends had names that could be understood like Leaf Buds, Rustling Leaves, Windy Rainbow, Dawn Murmur. But I have never understood my name and he did not tell me.

After all that work, I did not menstruate again for a year!

VI

My father said to me: "Look, my girl. We are going to marry you, over at that house."

He did not say the boy's name out of modesty, just motioned with his lips eastward down the valley. The place he meant was Where the Water Whirls Around, where I went with my clay jars every time our pond went dry. I knew every house there and the people in them. I knew who the marriageable young man was. It was the medicine man's son. I had never spoken to him; I had never spoken to any young men except relatives and of course we do not marry relatives. But my breasts were getting large, now. That is how we know when a girl should marry. "They ought to be used for something," we say.

So my father and mother had been consulting. I must have been [illegible] I was asleep at night for I had not heard them. They had decided on a man to ask and then my father had sent my mother to tell my aunts and uncles about it. They all approved. They had not told the boy yet. That is done last of all. But of course no man would refuse, even if he already had a first wife. It would not be polite.

My father went on talking to me in a low voice. That is how our people always talk to their children, so low and quiet the child thinks he is dreaming it. But he never forgets.

"We want you to behave yourself as we have always taught you to. Always there in the right way. Don't wait for your mother-in-law to tell you what to do, get up early, and when you grind corn. If you can't make tortillas, [illegible]

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

I did not know just when the time would be, but I knew that I felt pain when I stooped out of our little door. I said to my husband's aunt: "I think I will go to the Little House. I would not like such a dreadful thing to happen as for me to be caught inside the house in childbirth." "Well, go," she said. This was the first I had said to her or to my mother-in-law either, the whole thing being so new.

There was a gully behind our house and the Little House was on the other side of it. When I reached the near edge of that gully, I thought I had better run. I ran fast; I wanted to do the right thing. But I dropped my first baby in the middle of the gully. My aunt came and snipped the baby's navel string with her long finger nail. Then we went on to the Little House. My sisters-in-law said to me afterward: "Why didn't you tell us? We didn't know you were suffering in there. We heard you laughing." I said: "Well, it wasn't my mouth that hurt. It was my middle."

I stayed in the Little House, for that was what my father had told me to do. "When you have your first baby, don't come into the house. Stay out until the moon comes around again. Then go to the medicine man and be cleansed."

So I stayed alone there for a month, and the family brought me raw food, which I cooked. I ate no salt until the end of the baby's navel string fell off, so his navel would not be sore. Then my husband and I and the baby went to the medicine man, and he gave us all white clay to eat as he had given me when I became a maiden. But he did not give my baby a name. We were modern and I let a priest name him, Bastian.

It was nice in our house. My young brothers-in-law had married and I had their two wives to keep me company. Feather Leaves was one, and

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

it. Then they put it up again in another place but still a[illegible] where they had always lived. There my mother lived an[illegible] She said to them: "I didn't bring you up to have you g[illegible] woman. If you were girls, I would let you go. But since y[illegible] is where you should stay. If some woman loves you and [illegible] bring her home. She can cook for me." So they married a[illegible] wives home. I have many grandchildren from those brothers.

I went back to Where the Water Whirls Around. We lived better there because we had more horses and my husband went often to sing for the sick. People gave him clothes for that singing, and we all had clothes then, not just something tied around our waists. And all the men had trousers instead of breech clouts. My husband and I built a house next door to his family. Shining Evening built one, too, and lived there alone. She used to cook beans and tortillas and have good food there. When my father-in-law died, my mother-in-law lived in that house with Shining Evening, and he was both a son and a daughter, only he was often away, drunk.

There were white men here and there on our land by that time, as there never had been. So our men began to learn to drink that whiskey. It was not a thing that you must drink only once a year like our cactus cider. You could drink it any time, with no singing and no speeches, and it did not bring rain. Men grew crazy when they drank that whiskey and they had visions. My husband did not drink. He had his visions. He said that a good man must get them as he and my father had, by suffering. But Shining Evening got very crazy. She would flirt and laugh with the men more than ever, throw gravel at them and slap their faces. Many names the men got from Shining Evening, for that is how our men [illegible] got most of their nicknames.

She gave to her brother, Thundering Wings, [illegible] sitting. Shining Evening was the first of us women [illegible] sewed up and had a draw string. Her brother pulle[illegible] What's this!" She giggled and said in her funny li[illegible] Skirt-string!" So everybody called him that. Some[illegible] name, it was so funny.

[illegible] with Shining Evening and the women [illegible] my husband was away. People would send for h[illegible] ghosts, and he would go and sing for many nights. [illegible] he would come to me looking strange and say: "I [illegible] I hope it was not rabbits, for my women [illegible] my people. So I say there are my men, thinking [illegible] husband was with Coyote Woman or with the Ghost [illegible]

[illegible] make a noise that [illegible] out and said: "Hey! [illegible] voice: "Skirt-string! [illegible] men wanted to buy the [illegible]

[illegible] in those days because [illegible] from far across the [illegible] Then on other nights [illegible] ing to hunt rabbits." [illegible] her husband among [illegible] perhaps, just now my [illegible] ads would say to him,

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

bird, but it is I who make the night go and the morning come with my [illegible] singing." He sang a little tune:

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Next day I found the feather he had dropped when he sat above the door and that is the feather I use.

Coyote came to me after that. I belong to the Coyote division of our people and he comes to us, never to the Buzzards. He came when I was asleep at night and said: "Look. A time will come when this world will end. People are dying now." I knew that. It seemed to me I heard all the time that some one was dead. We never used to hear that. Only once in a while, a long while, word would come that some old person was gone. But now we hear it all the time.

Coyote said: "If you want to, you can cure them. If not, they will die." I said: "I'll see."

Then he showed me how to take the blood that I could draw from a feather and rub it on a sick man's body, where his own blood did not run. That is what makes people sick. Their blood does not run. But Coyote told me: "Don't fool them. If you find you can't cure, sit back. Do nothing." Then he sang this song about himself; how he tried to cure and could not:

Coyote, my comrade
Spit on his fingertips
One by one.

He put his hands on the sick man
And felt around
"Hope, sickness!
I can't find you!"

I tried
I could not see,
I sat back.

So always I sit back if I cannot cure. But I could have cured if I had not given away my crystals. Yes, I could have done much.

XI

My sons grew up. The first one we called Vincenso but he bought the name Two Bits from another man because he liked it. We say that name [illegible] in our language, of course. It sounds good.

7: Lumholtz N-S (1909-1910) 1912
NU28 Papago NU28

she takes up her abode in the hohóliki where she remains for over three weeks. She bears her child accompanied by her mother or other sister; sometimes an elderly woman is specially chosen for this, acting as midwife. Formerly, for six days thereafter, the food was made for the mother and brought to her, the diet for the first two days consisting of *atole blanco*, a kind of thin gruel made of maize or sometimes wheat, mixed with the seeds of the sahuaro fruit. Now, in imitation of Mexican custom, the period is extended to twenty days. The husband during this time uses a different gourd from the rest of the family when he drinks water.

Twenty days after the wife has returned from her seclusion the medicine-man comes to the house to give the baby clay to eat and present it with a name. The clay has the same name, *pit*, as that used in pottery making, and it does not look in anywise different. In the afternoon, after having mixed a small quantity with water and placed the mixture in a sea-shell on the ground, he takes up a position east of it, while the parents, with the infant, stand to the west. He walks four times toward them, the last time hunting low like an owl. The parents have to take the drink first, then the baby. If the child is male, the medicine-man gives it to the mother first; if it is female the father drinks first. In administering the drink to the child, he also gives it a name, which the grandparents previously have agreed upon; with his eagle plumes he makes passes over the infant, and with the same object sprinkles some of the water on its chest, shoulders, and back. The advan-

7: Lumholtz N-S (1909-1910)1912
NU28 Papago NU28

ages which the child gains are supposed to be health, strength, and luck; untoward happenings are also prevented even to the family itself. If the birth occurred in the season of thunder-storms, the danger to the child, or a near relative, of being killed by lightning will be averted. For four days after the ceremony the parents abstain from eating salt and jack-rabbit meat, and they must not do much work; the father cannot hunt.

The natural characteristic of the Papago is to be virtuous. According to Indian reports, a woman caught in adultery used to be punished with death. In recent times whipping has been the penalty and the custom of killing her animals still prevails. The tribe has been notably stable in racial qualities during centuries of contact with whites. Intermixture to-day rarely takes place except in Sonora, where the Mexicans have taught the Indians new customs. In the out-of-the-way places of southern Arizona a few Americans are known to have Papago wives; they have children and to all appearances are known to lead happy lives, for the lady of the house is intelligent, quite good-looking, clean, and very industrious. During my stay at Sonoita several couples came to be married by the civil authority there.

Murder was left to the family of the murdered person to punish. From an American who speaks their language and lives in the central part of the Papagueria, I received what I must accept as reliable information with regard to unnatural vice, which perhaps may be more or less restricted to that locality. Several startling instances were told me by him and also by a trustworthy Indian